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FROM

Rev. John A. Perkins,
of Portland.

23 April, 1892.

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THOMAS HILL

In Memoriam

Thomas Hill

Thomas Hill, 1818 - 1891.

TRIBUTES

TO THE MEMORY

OF

REV. THOMAS HILL, D.D.

BORN JANUARY 7, 1818

DIED NOVEMBER 21, 1891

PORTLAND
STEPHEN BERRY, PRINTER
1892

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Rev. Wm A. Perkins,
Portland

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Rev. THOMAS HILL, D. D., LL. D., pastor of the First Parish, died in the morning of Saturday, November 21, 1891, and the tolling of the church-bell made known their great loss to the members of that parish, and to the citizens of Portland.

In the evening of that day, an informal meeting of parish members was held at the house of M. P. Emery.

EXPRESSION OF GRIEF.

After the regular Sunday morning service, November 22d, the associate pastor, Mr. Perkins, requested the congregation to remain, and descending from the pulpit, stood by the communion table. He said in substance: We are met here with a deep sense of our common loss. As we look into each other's faces, we read there the same story of a great grief. Words cannot express our feelings at this time, yet we are here to give voice as best we may to a sorrow which is very near each one of us.

Silent prayer and the repetition in union of the Lord's prayer followed.

Mr. Perkins then called upon Judge Haskell, of the Parish committee, who said:

Yesterday, when told of the death of our beloved pastor, the Rev. Dr. Hill, who has taught in this place for nearly a score of years, considering it best that some expression of the love we bore him and of the sorrow that we feel at his loss should be had to-day, we caused a brief testimonial to be written, and the author of it, Judge Symonds, is now requested to read it to you.

Judge Symonds said:

When the heavy news of the death of our loved and honored senior pastor was received in Portland yesterday, I was requested to write a brief memorial of him, some simple expression of the common sentiment of loss and pain throughout the parish. It

is this only that I have attempted, leaving to the future all thought of just or final tribute to the memory of so eminent a man.

At such a moment as this, when the sound of the tolling church bells trembling upon the air, at once announcing and lamenting the death of their beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill, has so recently ceased, it is too early yet, quite yet, when the heavy sense of loss has but just fallen, and the grief is new and strange, for the First Parish of Portland to set their sorrow to any proper phrase, or even to express in any adequate or permanent form their love and veneration for him; their love and veneration which accompanied him in life, which follows him to the skies.

In some calmer mood, the words of formal estimate and eulogy, the formal words even of remembrance and regret must be spoken. "These first moments should be given to grief." Only the broken sentences which fall from quivering lips are possible now. It is the pastor, the friend, the Mentor, whom we have lost, our instructor and guide of many years, to whom we have been accustomed to listen, in moments of joy and in hours of bitter depression, speaking always wisely and calmly the best thoughts from all literature and from all experience; whose last words to us, lingering and to linger in their influence, like the radiance of his example, far beyond the sunset of his own life, were words of solemn love and benediction. What wealth of wisdom from his lips, what loftiness of life for a perpetual memory and model, is our inheritance from him.

In this church and parish, his life and service take their place now among the sacred memories, the associations of a cherished and storied past. They will remain far into the future, too, in many a good influence upon us all; in many a blessing, may we say, upon him who has come latest to the succession, our pastor now, on whom peculiar loneliness falls, but towards whom from this sudden vacancy all hearts turn with a new glow of affectionate regard.

Many places will speak the eulogy of Dr. Hill. "Others will

mourn and praise him by his more distant and more general titles to fame and remembrance." The world will remember him as the philosopher, the man of science, the learned theologian and preacher, profoundly thoughtful, the great student, the scholar of almost universal attainments, who made pilgrimages to all the holy lands of literature and learning; who loved to loiter on the way wherever the mood invited, and to bring back, as from adventurous voyages, the marvels of his discovery and research; and all this greatness of attainment, combined with rare kindliness and simplicity of life and with a stately purity and nobility of character. Nor will he be forgotten as one who has added his own share to what is beautiful in our poetry.

All these titles to fame and eulogy were his: but we come now "to indulge an emotion more personal and more fond," to grieve for the death of one whom we loved, to "draw near, of the most sad," among those who are bereaved by his death.

May it be that some vision of the good he had done in his life and of the good the lingering influence of his example is to do in the future, visited him when death approached, like a smile from the opening heavens.

In this world there remain for him only love, good will and grateful remembrances, to crown with honor the close of faithful service and a holy life.

The funeral services of Dr. Hill were held at Waltham, Mass., in the church of his own first pastorate, in the afternoon of November 24th. They were conducted by Rev. Andrew Preston Peabody, D. D., of Cambridge, assisted by Rev. Edward James Young, D. D., present pastor of the church in Waltham, and Rev. John Carroll Perkins, associate pastor in the First Parish, Portland, and Hermann Kotzschmar, of Portland, as organist.

The services were as follows:

Organ,—"Mount of Olives."
Reading of Scriptures, ... E. J. Young.
Organ,—Voluntary.
Prayer, ... J. C. Perkins.
Organ—" Weep, Israel, Weep."
Address, ... A. P. Peabody.
Prayer, ... A. P. Peabody.
Organ,—Dead March in "Saul."

A brief service at the grave in Mt. Peake Cemetery was conducted by J. C. Perkins.

ADDRESS OF A. P. PEABODY, D. D.*

I think that, on occasion like this, we can feel peculiarly the force of that blessed saying, "I am the resurrection and the life,"—the resurrection, for "he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live;" and still more, the life, for "whoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Christ abolished death; there is no such thing as the grave; there is only eternal life. The man of whom, to-day, we give back to earth as little as could be so given, still lives. For him the eternal life has begun; nay, he has been living it for years. Even when he lived among us, however, it was not his earthly life that we saw most of and cherished most; we honored and loved him for those very traits of character and for that sanctity of spirit over which death has no power.

I have known our departed friend for many years, and have never seen in him a desire to live except for God. There was no side of his many sided character, which had not the single purpose, to love and serve God supremely, and to help others to do so.

I have not been cognizant of a greater mind than his. If he had devoted himself to any one field of science, to the exclusion of others, he would have reached a world-wide fame. In mathematics he was in thorough sympathy with the master mind of Professor Peirce, our greatest mathematician. Through mathematics he felt that one saw truth as it is in the Divine mind, and that in studying the curves manifested in the convolutions

*An incomplete report. The address was not written.

of a leaf or the movement of the waves, one came nearer to the Divine Geometer. In natural history he was the close friend and fellow student of Agassiz. In the classics and in modern literature he had no superior. There was no subject to which he devoted his mind as to which he did not make himself master of its truth and principles.

He was pre-eminently a Christian. I say pre-eminently; for his belief in Christianity was not traditional. He was familiar with all the grounds of scepticism, for he had kept his mind open to the utterances of advocates of all new ideas, however far from his own; but he only grew more rooted and grounded in the truth which rests on the Lord Jesus Christ. Our friend has had troubles, sore troubles, yet I have ever seen him living in firm and unwavering trust and faith that a wise Providence was ordering all things to work together for good.

I knew him personally and intimately for years, and in all my acquaintance with him I never heard him utter an ungracious word. I never knew a man, so kind and considerate to all, and so solicitous to do all that lay in his power to help whomever was thrown into relation with him, however short or slight it might be.

As President of Harvard, it was ever his desire to further the good not only of the institution, but of the individual students whenever they were brought to his notice, and ever in vexing circumstances he would always take the most hopeful view.

Who of those here who recall him as pastor of this church, can fail to remember how tender and loving he was, ever seeking to raise all to his own lofty standpoint. You, also, who come from his more recent home can testify that among you the same is true. He has not only been a minister of peace and truth and love to his own people; but in the entire community he has made a name and praise that will last there for years and years to come. Thinking upon this aspect of his life, I am astonished when I look back and reflect how he has made himself felt in other ways. There was no department of thought into

which he made entrance, where he has not left his mark of excellence and enduring influence.

When I last saw him he was still hopeful, not indeed that he should be able to perform much more pastoral service, but that his life might be spared to enable him to finish certain work in the interest of eternal truth that was in his mind to accomplish.

We may regret, and do, that the world is not to enjoy the results of this work, but are thankful that he was not spared to reach the consciousness of decline.

The silver cord was softly loosed, the golden bowl gently broken, and so by easy degrees he passed away to the life beyond, where we trust we shall meet him again.

PAPER BY MARCIA B. JORDAN

BEFORE THE

WOMAN'S ALLIANCE.

One thought is in our hearts to-day. To many of us the visible life of this earth will be less rich in its expression, and less full of comfort and help in human companionship, for the absence in the body of our beloved and honored teacher and friend—our Pastor, who for eighteen years has tenderly guided his flock through the varying experiences of existence.

Others will write of him as the distinguished man, as theologian, scientist, instructor, mathematician, writer in prose and verse, learned in languages, history and philosophy.

In the intimacy of this little circle, it may be allowable to say a few words upon the nearer and dearer ties that have bound us so especially to him.

The learning and the scholarship were a great delight. In perplexities in study or research, we said, "The Dr. will know." "The Dr. can tell us." And with what pride in any significant occurrence in our city or state did we feel his position and adequacy to meet the demands.

But it was from his *experience* we drew such lasting aid. He had lived so deeply—if I may use the word—and the range of his sympathies was so large that you felt the direct aid of what he himself had proved intellectually, morally, spiritually.

Looking back over almost a score of years, how many memories crowd upon the heart.

I see the baby at its christening, cooing and laughing in the Dr.'s arms, because he so loved little children that he even handled their tiny bodies with the gentleness and the skill of a woman, and they could never resist the sweetness of his smile. With his grandchildren what a good comrade, as he told them stories and drew pictures and manufactured books and taught and moulded their active, questioning minds! He could never pass a child upon the street without a greeting. Here is a poem of his, entitled,

A Winter Sketch.

I did not know the child but thought
  His years, perhaps, were ten;
Ah! seldom shall these eyes behold
  So sweet a sight again!

The little girl upon his sled
  Might not be more than eight,
She was as proud to see his strength
  As he to feel her weight.

I watched his little manly ways,
  His vigorous step but slow,
And saw her tucking close her skirts
  To keep them from the snow.

A glowing stream of golden hair
  Flowed freely down her back,
He fixed his eye alone to choose
  The smoothest, softest track.

Now which I asked enjoyed the most,
  The girl, the boy, or I?
Did she the ride, the honor he?
  Or I the going by?

As he solemnized marriage, or stood, in his robes, at the communion table, can we ever forget the beauty of the service? Over the dead, the dignity he gave his calling, his unfaltering faith, his unspeakable reverence led him always to strive to leave this world in thought and carry with him the souls of his listeners into a realizing sense of immortality.

I remember how to certain friends in affliction he came often

and often, and would bring some rare wild flower, walking a long distance to procure it, putting it in a tiny vial of water, carrying it himself to the door, hoping that its singular beauty would divert the thought a little and give pleasure.

Our Pastor was simple and unostentatious in the conduct of the religious life of his Parish. He said he felt that the Lord had put him into a field of work, to do unaskingly the service that in him lay, without searching for results, and as he never proselyted nor sought even inside his church to personally urge his views, he was particularly gratified when some of his people asked him to hold confirmation classes, from which some twenty or more individuals united with the church. He held that it was not, upon how many can an effect be produced, but what effect upon a few, that was the test of advance.

Dear friends, how much we have to thank him for! How devoutly we should thank God for him! In sorrow or doubt or anxiety, he assisted us; in lighter mood, how genuine his response to fun and nonsense, those sweet leaveners of care. How kind in daily intercourse, how lavish of his time and strength!

We shall do scanty justice to the gifts he so freely gave us, and to his influence in holy living, if we do not consecrate ourselves to more worthy thought and action.

He cared for and approved this little band of workers. Let us, in however small and humble a way, try to aid a little the church and denomination he loved and served. Our faith has been quickened by his, and in this hour of our great bereavement we look beyond.

Earth is our little island-home
  Our heaven the neighboring Continent,
Whence winds to every inlet come
  With balmiest scent,

And tenderest whispers thence bear
  From those who lately sailed across.
They love us still! Since heaven is near
  Death is not loss.

From mountain slopes of breeze and balm,
  What melodies arrest the ear—
What memories ripple thro' the calm,
  We'll keep near shore.

Dear friend, we will not drift too far
  'Mid billows, fogs and blinding foam,
To see Christ's beacon-light—the star
  That guides us home.

MEMORIAL SERVICE

IN THE

FIRST PARISH CHURCH,

SUNDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1891.

PROGRAMME.

Voluntary.

Selection, ... Psalm I.

Scripture, ... Rev. James G. Merrill, D. D.

Prayer, ... Rev. James G. Merrill, D. D.

Voluntary.

Hymn, "How blest the Righteous when he dies," . . Barbauld.

Addresses, ... Rev. John Carroll Perkins.

Rev. John A. Bellows.

Rev. Ephraim C. Cummings.

Anthem, "Oh, Lamb of God," . . . . . Holden.

Rev. William T. Phelan.

Rev. Henry Blanchard, D. D.

Rev. Asa Dalton, D. D.

Anthem, "Home Land," . . . . . Sullivan.

Benediction.

REV. J. G. MERRILL, D. D.

Being called upon to read a passage of scripture, and to offer prayer upon this occasion, I asked myself what passage would he have chosen whose name we would honor to-night. And I was guided, I believe, in my choice of the words which I shall read, by recalling some verses that he had recently written, and which I desire to read to you before reading the passage selected from the scripture:

"They grieve my heart,—these thoughtless men who try
To hide my Lord from eyes of dying men;
To shroud the world in heathen night again;
And drag the star of Bethlehem from the sky.

* * * * * * *

"Therefore I weep, like Mary, at his grave,
Because my Lord they have thus borne away,
To hide him from the eyes of dying men.
Yet he has risen now as he had then;
Look up in faith! His light outshines the day;
His grace is still 'omnipotent to save.'"

After reading these words, could I have selected any other portion of the scriptures than that which he has read so many times in your homes, and which we, who stand between the living and the dead as we so often must, have read—a portion of the fifteenth chapter of the First Corinthians?

PRAYER BY DR. MERRILL.

Our Father, who art in heaven, we thank Thee for Thyself, and for the wondrous revelation which Thou hast made of Thyself in the world in which we dwell. We thank Thee for the glory of the nightly skies, for the beauty of the earth as it is seen by those who go to its utmost limits and learn the wonders of Thy creation. We thank Thee that Thou hast made man in Thine own image, that Thou hast given him a love of the works of Thy hands, and the desire to inquire into Thy truth which Thou wouldst make manifest in the world about us.

We have met to-night to call to mind the life of him who lived so long among us, and who so faithfully represented Thy life in this community. We thank Thee, O Lord, for the delight which he had continually in Thy works; we thank Thee for all the wisdom and the skill which Thou didst impart unto him to interpret these truths of nature. We rejoice in the vast store which he had gathered of the wondrous revelations of Thyself in these works of Thy hand.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for his love of Thy Book. We call to mind the wondrous loyalty of his life to the truth as it has been shown in Thy revealed word.

We pray Thee, that we may remember in whose footsteps he trod and who was his constant inspiration; and may we delight in the thought that to follow Him will always form in humanity the highest manhood and womanhood.

In so far as our beloved friend followed in the footsteps of our Master, we bless Thee, and we pray Thee, our God, that Thou wilt help us, while we recall those things in his life which were in accord with Thy will, that we may also remember those principles of his being which made him look to Him who was "omnipotent to save."

We ask Thee, O Lord, that Thou wilt cause to descend upon this ancient church constantly Thy benediction, that they may reverence the teachings of him who so long has taught them the word as it has been revealed to him; that they may bear in

mind the life which he lived among them, the words which he spoke and the work that he did. As they treasure his kindly counsels as he went from home to home; as they recall the comfort which he bestowed upon them in the hour of their affliction, and the joys which he multiplied as he visited them in the times of joy and delight; as they call to mind all the loving tender words which came from his large heart, may the inspiration of his life constantly abide with them and lead them to Thy truth.

And, Lord, we ask Thee to-night, that Thou wilt cause a double portion of his spirit to descend upon him who has been so unexpectedly called upon to carry alone the burden of this important work. We pray Thee that Thou wilt bless him with the spirit of grace from on high, and enable him to walk in the footsteps of the same Master whom Thy servant has so long followed.

Our thoughts go forth to him who has gone, as through a veil he looks down upon us, and, as he would have us, we would remind ourselves of the great work which we have here to do in this world, and we pray Thee that, as one servant after another is taken from the sphere of labor, we who are left may be found true in all places, valiant for the truth as it is revealed to us, loving our fellowmen with a love such as Christ had for his fellowmen, trying to serve and to save those who need our service and our constant help.

Be with us during this hour, guide in all that shall be said, and may it be an hour in which we shall receive an inspiration to a nobler, purer, truer and holier life. We ask it in the name of our Master. Amen.

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN C. PERKINS.

We are here to-night to honor the memory of one whose life, though taken from us in one way, is yet fresh and active in the thoughts, the feelings, in the memories of the many, who have known him in this parish and in this city. To him who has experienced something of his life, no expression from another can adequately interpret the treasure which he possesses. To him who never knew him, words can show only a feeble ray of the sunlight which came from that life. But it seemed eminently fitting that those who have entered more or less intimately into acquaintance with him should at this time make some expression of what such a character has meant to them. And so we are met together to honor and express our appreciation of the late pastor of this church.

I first saw Dr. Hill when I was in college. I saw him then and admired him. He came to lecture on those great scientific problems in the universe with whose fascination so much of his life was occupied. I do not remember the peculiar form of the title of those lectures; there may have been none. But what he told us then of those wonderful attributes of God, as seen under the conditions of time, space and eternity, came to me like marvelous revelations. He first showed to me, in a way which could be even partially understood, the greatness and infinitude of God's power. Those lectures formed an epoch in my life. His simple yet grand way of making clear to others the deepest and most subtle philosophical and mathematical truths, mark him as one of the greatest educators our country

ever produced. His clearness of statement in that course of lectures and his wealth of illustration, so much plainer and more transparent than the text books, made his words a deep revealing of the truth that lay beneath. But the richness of his intellectual power and his skill as an educator, the people of this community know far better than one could receive in that single experience. Yet the impression was so deep and so startling that it could never be lost.

One who had known him for years, and himself great among our religious teachers, said of him at the funeral: "I have hardly been conversant with a greater mind than was his."

I next saw Dr. Hill one year ago, when I was guest at his house. I saw him then and loved him. The same great mind was there, the same faculty of making simple the marvels of God's power; but greater than all that, transcending the admiration for the revelation of God's power, was the personification of God's life. Our greatest revelation of Divinity comes to us from the lives of men who have gained entrance into the holy of holies of God's existence. Such a man was he whose life we commemorate to-night. He saw as few men have been able to see into the life of God, and it was possible for him to interpret in his own life and character the great discoveries which he saw there.

In all his scientific investigations, the learning was not for learning's sake, the acquisition was not for the simple accumulation of facts, but one great purpose lighted up the path of study, namely, the interpreting of the facts of the universe in terms of holy living. His life as a minister was dearer to him than anything else, because he felt that thus he could get nearer the hearts of people than in any other way. Though fresh from a famous scientific expedition when he came to this pastorate, he chose the minister's duties, with their immediate contact with life, rather than the technical, more isolated career of the scientist. How fully he succeeded in reaching people's hearts, multitudes in this church and throughout this city can bear witness. And his spirit at this moment must know that

his great purpose is realized, as the hearts here present respond to his memory in love.

During the past year the occasions have been many when from him have come into my own life words of strength and cheer. The thoughts of an association in work with such a man had created the brightest hopes and the loss is felt most keenly.

Greater than his intellectual leadership was his spiritual leadership. Nothing flippant or irreverent ever entered his life. The devout, worshipful and reverent spirit which was his had a wider and a deeper influence than even his most startling statements of scientific truth. And this was as he could wish.

He was pre-eminently a Christian, and rested in absolute confidence on the revelations of God which Jesus Christ made. He says in a sermon: "In other words, while all teachers of religion speak modestly and doubtfully, Jesus teaches it with all the certainty, and all the appeal to our own intuitions with which men teach elementary geometry. He shows his knowledge of the dimness of our spiritual sight, and of our need of his teaching, by adding the weight of his authority to the evidence of our own intuitions."

In conversation with a friend, he said: "I do not care what your theological beliefs are in a hundred matters, nor have I a right to ask. All I could wish to know is whether you accept the authority of Jesus as sufficient in questions of religion." And while he thus relied on the authority of Jesus, his life gave evidence of the same spirit. There was a self-surrender, a self-forgetting when something was expected of him which controlled all his action. His own physical condition and his own comfort were never thought of, if another wished his time. Some years ago he was asked to preach at King's Chapel in Boston, and although suffering most acutely from a recent fall, he insisted upon being carried into the church in a chair, and in that way he delivered his discourse, unable to stand. And it was in this same spirit that he went to Meadville last summer and delivered a course of lectures before that institution. Physically disabled by that long hot journey, it was only with

the greatest effort that he could find strength enough to carry out his purpose. He wrote: "The lectures at Meadville I delivered sitting; but even so found it difficult to hold out to the end." These are only examples of how he yielded his own life to the gain of others.

How much that meant with him, and how true it was, those who have been associated with him in this church in his pastorate of eighteen years know most truly, as they realize how much of their own life has found the stimulus for development in something he has done for them. As one has already said: "What wealth of wisdom from his lips, what loftiness of life for a perpetual memory and model, is our inheritance from him!"

He had only two pastorates. He began preaching at Waltham, Massachusetts, in 1845. He was then, and continued to be, a Unitarian of the early conservative type. This was the cause of a more or less lack of sympathy between him and the later leaders in his denomination, but he always clung closely to the great fundamental principles for which Unitarianism existed. But his life was wider than his denominational limits, and he was in full accord with every Christian.

It is indeed remarkable to see how a single human life can shed such an influence in a community. This city is full of the spirit of our learned doctor. Into a far greater number of families than we can at first realize has a more or less true impression of what he was, penetrated. Perhaps they have heard him preach or lecture. Perhaps they know only the stories of some of his peculiar characteristics, but in any case they are all glad to be able to speak familiarly about him, and the thought is sure to raise their own life a little higher than it had been before. I wish I might read all the letters full of expression of love and admiration which have come to me during the past week from many of his friends in this city. His name is a centre, about which is gathered all that is highest in the religious life of this community.

In witnesss thereof we are here to-night as Christians of various sects, who are all glad to honor this great soul. And I trust that the religious harmony which is possible in this honor to his memory may never be disturbed.

ADDRESS OF REV. JOHN A. BELLOWS.

In the natures of the few men and women I have known, who in any way seemed worthy to be called great, there has been some fine strain of unwordliness, some large element of simplicity. They have lived so fully in the realm of eternal verities, that they had no wish to appear other than themselves. They set their lives by no lesser lights than heaven's own stars, and cared little for any charge of inconsistency or lack of conformity to conventional rules, feeling so surely that their "planet was anchored to the sun."

There was a very rare unworldliness in the wise and good man whose life speaks to us to-day. Worldly maxims of ordinary prudence, of conventionality, of temporizing, to him were naught. His faith was so large in time, and the final judgment of the competent, that he could afford to disregard many of the rules of average people, who in self-defence hedge in their lives by petty forms and artificial restraints. Thus he had no time to make much money, to be regardful of fashionable distinctions, to attend to questions of the special dignity attached to this or that office or labor. "All service ranked the same" with him, as, the poet tells us, it ranks with God. It made positively no difference to him whether he were addressing all the learned and scientific men of Boston and Cambridge, at some high college festival, or were lecturing in an out-of-the way New England village, in a barn-like hall, describing his South American trip with Agassiz,—for which with his own hands, and in a kind of boy-like enthusiasm, he had drawn

colored maps and charts. He greatly loved to *help men*, and wherever he could be of help he would go. Surely, "the readiness is all," and he knew well that it made little difference to *whom* God's Apostle was sent. I remember that when I was a boy, living in his family at Antioch College, of which for some years he was President, where, as I have since understood, he had a hard fight with very material difficulties—when that struggling college was only rich in hope and very poor in funds, with which to pay its struggling President and Professors—though life must have pressed heavily upon him—he carried the load with just the same simplicity, the same high tranquillity that he wore when, a few years later, he was the President of the first University of the land. Indeed, I took away the impression that life at Antioch—where he faced all difficulties with such high courage and cheerfulness—was one long festival of brightness. In the light of the "sober certainties" of later years, I read the truth that it was his own fine unworldly spirit, and his large trust in God, that gave charm to those poor days, and made them—for some of us who still look back upon them with tenderness—so rich and full. To each and every position of responsibility and dignity he carried the same spirit of the little child made wise by years, which to him at least had brought "the philosophic mind."

I never knew one who, when crowned with wisdom as with years, so "wore his learning lightly as a flower," so kept the child-heart sweet and good and sound, as wrapt away into some inner chamber of the temple, where the world's rude noises could never enter.

He had much of the child's readiness to talk freely with any one who happened to meet him, about whatever he was doing or thinking. There was no conceit in this. He was so full of interest in the subject himself, that he was sure his listener, too, would be interested in it. It may have been a flower, it may have been a Greek text, it may have been a problem in Geometry. There was something fairly pathetic in the way in which he would seize upon some one—possibly one who had no vaguest

knowledge upon the matter in hand, and pour forth a flood of learning and condensed wisdom into ears that might as well have been sealed for all that they could understand. And he was interested in almost everything. With what joy would he point out a beautiful sunset, or the slope of a mountain, or a bit of bright moss! To walk with him in the woods, and to have him give the names to all the plants and flowers, the shrubs and trees, the mosses and lichens, the birds calling about us—was for a child a kind of liberal education. Like Thoreau, he then seemed to "hear as with an ear trumpet, and to see as with a microscope." He was never so much at home as when out in Nature's aloneness. Very often he would steal away from conference or meeting, and would be found in the neighboring woods and fields, looking for plants that *ought* to be, and probably were, blooming at that time, and bringing home curious insects or mosses or roots tied up in his handkerchief. He liked the freedom and the largeness of all out-of-doors, and nature never had than he a truer lover. He had followed Emerson's injunction, had "loved the wild rose and *left* it on its stalk," and had "named all the birds without a gun." For I remember that more than once he told us children not to pick *all* the flowers that grew in one spot, but to leave some to bloom there for beauty's sake, and that the ground might not be quite lonely.

To me there seems something infinitely pathetic and touching in his use of certain gifts and qualities in his nature, which perhaps a more worldly man, one more bent on acquiring special distinction, in an age where everything leans to specialism, would have let alone. Surely he never fell into that state which we learn was at last reached by Charles Darwin, where everything save his scientific researches became uninteresting, almost unendurable, and music, poetry and art gave him, in his own words, a feeling of "nausea."

Dr. Hill made his life rich and full by fostering many tastes, and entering into their pursuits with the same abandon that marked his love for nature or his enjoyment of beauty of all

kinds. He would spend whole days in working over, on the piano, some strain of melody that haunted him. He had a keen interest in detecting the *meaning* of certain passages of music, or the intellectual idea of whole compositions, and would give almost as much time to it as to one of his so dear mathematical problems. Or he would *paint* for hours and hours, conscious, perhaps, that he could never greatly excel in that art, but humbly listening to any one who could advise and help him—eager to solve the mystery of color and light and shade. He was so young for truth!—truth of any sort. The phonetic system of writing, the teaching of the deaf and dumb by reading from the lips—anything that in any way could make the world better, gained his ready ear and sympathy. It was characteristic that while some of his inventions were of great scientific value, others upon which he spent just as much time and patience were games for children, over which he would toil unweariedly to devise new moves and combinations, and about which, when he had discovered them, he would rejoice as much as if he had chanced upon a new curve, or a new property of matter.

"There is no great and no small
To the soul that seeth *all*."

He had something of the poet's fancy. I think there are very genuine poems in the little volume "In the Woods and Elsewhere," which he published here not many years ago. Unfortunately, like Wordsworth, he did not always seem to know what was true poetry and what was not, and his verses too often suffer from their falling into prosaic lines. But at his best, when under the direct inspiration of nature, there is a real breath in his words of the gladness and freshness and beauty of the world.

Nothing was more remarkable about him than the large generosity with which he gave to any and all of the treasures of his mind. Nothing pleased him so much as to be asked to *teach*. Indeed, he was first of all a *teacher*, who out of the royal treasury of his mind could give, one sometimes thought,

anything that was asked. No modest student ever went to him but he did not go away richer for the large vision of knowledge which had been unrolled. He loved to show the stars, to talk about flowers, and the divine properties of figures and forms. Latin and Greek were no "dead languages" to him, but he made them alive and fresh with something of his own vitality. Very fully did he follow the injunction of quaint Sir Thomas Browne: "It is no greater charity to clothe a man's body than to apparel the nakedness of the soul. To this, as calling myself a scholar, I am obliged by the duty of my condition. I make not my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge. I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning. I study not for my sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves." So generous was he, so eager to make the intellectual treasure which he held common! I am sure that all over the land today, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of men and women find their lives freer, fuller and richer by reason of the inspiration of Thomas Hill.

Most simple, most unconventional, he was in the way in which he met you. He would come into a room full of people, and speak to one and another as if he were in his own study, and they had asked him about the latest news from Sirius or Mercury. Sometimes he would not speak at all, lost in his own thoughts. At such moments, he always seemed to me like Socrates, who stood for a whole day and all one night—and a very cold night and day—of winter, under the frosty sky, thinking about some problem of philosophy upon which he wanted light—undisturbed by the comments, or jeers of the people who marked him, until at last his mind had received just the illumination he wished, and offering a prayer to the newly arisen sun, he went back to the common walk and work.

But when his sympathy was really roused, when any actual trouble was brought before him, how loving, how very sweet was his tenderness! He did not always *say* much. Indeed, he did not at all adopt the conventional mode of talking about bereavement. He did not believe, for instance, in saying a

great deal about people who had died. But by his presence, by his goodness, by just being himself, perfectly natural and full of love, he seemed to enter into the chamber where sorrow sat, and, ere he went away, made her almost beloved.

Very dearly did he love his friends, and in these later years, when one by one the lights went out—his brothers and classmates and old companions passing into the shadow—there was a tired look in his eyes, as if the world were growing strangely dark. Not that he murmured or complained. With all his seeming frankness and simplicity there was a great reserve about him, so that one never quite knew how much the loss had shaken him, only his life seemed to "grow stiller and more to himself."

Like the great philosopher Kant, he loved God and little children. Any one who has seen him holding a child on his knees, telling it one of those wonderful stories of his, bits of nonsense verses, marvelous facts about toads and birds, or rhymes of his own ingenious fancy, caressing it, loving it, has known what depths of sweetness and tenderness there were in that great heart of his.

I would bear testimony, too, to that which many did not know —how much there was in this so wise and learned man of humor, of fun, of lightness and brightness. It was not just the common brightness of any bright man. It had a note of its own. He delighted in certain kinds of humor. Not every sort of wit appealed to him. He would make up whole pages of queer words for the amusement of his children or grandchildren; delighted in quotations of odd sayings handed down in his own or his wife's family, and never forgot them. He could unbend very thoroughly, and work hard, too, over his play, in some children's frolic, with a heartiness which, had you not known him, would seem to sit strangely upon the computer of difficult mathematical curves and the profound student of science. But, in reality, he was not two different men, only *one* simple, wise childhearted, loving man, with the childlikeness running through

all, and the wisdom wiser than that of the schools put into his daily living.

Very early he had deliberately given up the attainment of the highest honors he might have won as a mathematician, or natural scientist. It would be foolish to deny that he did not *see* what those rewards were. But it was a part of his unwordliness to put them by, to live first of all to do good, as a minister, a follower of that Christ who came into the world to *help*. I know that in his early life this problem came to him, and was settled once for all. When in after years any question is made of this man's greatness, of his place in learning and letters, let this be remembered, as it will be recorded to his heavenly if not his earthly praise.

So it seemed very well that his poor tired body, literally worn out too early by constant exertion—he would never spare himself, and preached and taught so long as he had strength to stand, and while any one, from any part of our country, called to him for help and teaching—it seemed well that he should be laid to rest in the town where he had spent the first enthusiasm of his young manhood, before heavier cares and greater responsibilities had come upon him, where the beloved wife, with all her wonderful quickness and clearness of intellect ,had stood by him, where his children had been young, and where some of the old familiar faces could still be seen, gathered in mute sorrow about his bier. That he should not have been brought to this city, where he was so loved and honored, may have been hard—for he had thrown himself with all his loyalty and consecrated purpose into your service as well. But that he should rest in that restful place, as I stood by his open grave, seemed fitting and good. Surely, if all those whose lives had been blessed and enriched by the inspiration of his word, who had been stirred to nobler living, to care more for the things of the mind, to see the infinite reaches of truth, and who had learned a little to love it as he loved it—and who had dimly guessed through *him* how holiness and wisdom are at last one —if all these could have gathered to do him reverence—then

indeed should our eyes have beheld how far reaching was the influence of this good man who has passed from us into the larger life beyond.

ADDRESS OF REV. E. C. CUMMINGS.

All of us are so much interested in the honor we are to pay to the memory of our good friend and great teacher, that I am sure we who speak shall have your cordial sympathy, and you will consider how glad we should be to listen to what any of you might tell us about him, if there were time for every one to have a word. He was deeper in the hearts of us all than we knew; and there is now left to us the privilege of meekly learning what was given us in him, and how we can best testify our sense of the gift and our thankfulness to God.

Who ever met Dr. Hill and did not receive a gracious welcome? Who ever parted from him without carrying away a happy recollection? I am sorry in a way for the young people who possibly did not feel as if they could know him quite as well as their elders; and I have had them a good deal in my mind in preparing for the few minutes I could venture to take in these exercises. For Dr. Hill's whole life was such an epistle and gospel to the young, that I should be most thankful if I could give them some just impression of it according to his own thought and words. Indeed, I would willingly be young again myself, if I could follow, at not too great a distance, so bright an example.

Dr. Hill, as we all know, was a man of rare and excellent gifts and of corresponding personal distinction, not only before he came into the venerable succession of ministers of this time-honored parish, but even before he entered upon public life in Waltham, nearly fifty years ago. And I have no doubt that his

youth, which he carried with him to a remarkable degree through all his later years, was equally characteristic, though less known. What I know about that earliest period is gathered chiefly from his own lips,—not that I heard him talk directly about it; but I could understand that it was living and speaking in him. The child was father of the man.

I am sure, for example, of his early and unfailing love of nature. He delighted in the daylight, the starlight, the earth and all that therein is. Though of a most companionable disposition, he could not give the largest share of his time to the streets and highways with other boys. He had to explore byways and footpaths, meadows and woods. If there were any mossy dells, where the fairies might live, or cool grottoes of the nymphs, he knew the shortest way to them, and was affectionately familiar with the creatures of whatever kind that haunted them. The consequence was that nature, the great mother, took him into her special intimacy, and began to unfold all her treasures before his eyes. All living things became his fellow-creatures. Every plant that grew saluted him. No confinement within doors about necessary business could wean him from the loving presence that was waiting for him without. Always the great mother said to him: "Welcome, my child, here are other things for you to learn." Through all seasons of his life he was reaping the harvest of a quiet, but most observant eye. The sense of outward things did not, as sometimes happens, go to sleep with him when he became a man of profound reflection and philosophic inquiry. He was the disciple and apostle of nature to the last.

"I can never come upon a four-leafed clover," said a friend standing with him upon the green sward when both were advanced in life. "No?" returned the Doctor, "why, there's one now," as he stooped to pluck and present the opportune find. He heard, too, what all things were saying, and listened without any obtrusiveness, and with such a friendly ear, that all things went on by and by exactly as if he had not been there, and ex-

pressed themselves according to the very creative mind that was in them.

St. Francis of Assisi used to preach to the birds and fishes, telling them how thankful they ought to be to their Creator. Dr. Hill had the same pious sentiment, and was far better qualified than St. Francis to instruct birds and fishes as to anything in their conditions or habits that might hinder their unconscious, spontaneous homage to the Lord of all.

When in 1839 he entered Harvard College, he did not leave behind his habits of observation or the harvests he had gathered. He simply came to "fresh woods and pastures new." But he here learned the languages of men and their thoughts, what they had accomplished in the knowledge of nature, and through nature in the knowledge of God. Especially he learned a language which is not commonly so called. It is not occupied about every-day objects and ideas—is not a language of literature or society, indeed is utterly obscure and unreadable to one who does not understand its peculiar symbols. But to one who does understand there is no limit to the extent and variety of its uses. It suited the purpose of Kepler and Newton, when they wanted to verify and formulate the thought of the Eternal uttered in the order of worlds, because it aided and recorded processes perfectly exact, rational and conclusive. In the clear medium of this mathematical language the problems of nature presented themselves to our friend's deep-reading intelligence in their hidden relations and far-reaching possibilities; and he, like the great masters who had preceded him, addressed himself to such new investigations as awakened his interest with an acuteness of apprehension, a largeness of judgment and independence of method, such as only those who have got beyond their servility to books and become masters in their own right can ever exhibit. He had also inventive powers, mechanical facility, and peculiar dexterity in the construction of diagrams and models, by which to give a formal reality to elements of thought that might otherwise elude the

imagination. He could read volumes of mathematical history in an equation of three letters.

It was this singular ability in exact science doubtless, added to the extent and solidity of his learning in other departments, that turned his mind to education in general, and made him known here and in Europe as a thinker and writer, particularly from 1860 to 1868, the period of his presidency, first of Antioch College, and afterwards for six years of Harvard. Of this period he has left us an appropriate monument, that ought to be more enduring than bronze, in two compact and admirable books, viz: "The True Order of Studies" and "Geometry and Faith." They are books that every teacher, and every scholar sufficiently advanced, is concerned to possess and to study,—treatises peculiarly suited to aid in any "university extension" movement. "The True Order of Studies" is properly a teacher's manual, showing how the divine wisdom meets the new-born child with forms in space as the first objects of attention, and leads him on and up through a lucid order of studies to the knowledge of himself and of God. "Geometry and Faith" is of kindred matter, but of universal interest, not for schools especially, but for all thinkers, who like high arguments which they can appreciate, and are not adverse to some openings into deeper deeps and higher heights, that invite the aspiring spirit. This work is a beautiful showing of how the same truths, which the reason of man has discovered and demonstrated by its own law, are so incorporated in the forms and processes of nature as to lead up with mathematical certitude to one infinite Wisdom, Power and Goodness—the cause and end of all things. For Dr. Hill was always the theologian, the man of God, whether in his academical or parochial work.

One sentence from "The True Order of Studies" I would like to give you. It is fit to shine in letters of gold as a first table of the law, so to speak, in every school-house of the land: "Education ought to preserve and increase the bodily health and strength; give command of muscular and mental powers; increase quickness of perception through the senses and quicken

mental perception; form the habit of prompt and accurate judgment; lead to delicacy and depth in every right feeling; and make one inflexible in his conscientious and steadfast devotion to all his duties."

From 1845 to 1860 Dr. Hill was minister of the "Independent Congregational Society" in Waltham; and for nearly eighteen years from 1873 he was the honored pastor of this church. His great vocation, therefore, was that of a Christian minister. He sought to lead us all through nature to the knowledge and faith of God, according to the teaching and example of the Christ.

In a volume of sermons published in 1860, and dedicated to the society in Waltham, "as a memorial of a happy ministry of fourteen years," there is one sermon which gives its title to the volume, on "Jesus the Interpreter of Nature"; and this sermon is a type of his religious teaching as a whole. For Dr. Hill was as remarkable for the unity of his spiritual aim as for the variety of his scientific knowledge. According to him it is the teaching of Christianity, that God is to be known and loved in his works. "Herein," he said, "I am well convinced lies the whole essence of a religious life, in this habitual recognition of the presence of God. Nor is there any solid basis that I can find for either philosophy, science or religion, other than this one, of considering the whole creation as a primal revelation from God." This primal revelation he held to be inseparable from the final revelation of the Father in Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father. In Jesus Christ there shines "the marvelous light," as he tells us in another sermon —"by which the world is transfigured before us, and each glowing and beautiful sight is made radiant with the new and heavenly brightness of the smile of God. None but a truly Christian eye sees half the loveliness of flowers, or half the grandeur of the mountains and the clouds, or of the splendor of the sun and moon, or of the majesty of the stars." The sermon entitled "Children to be Taught by Nature" has a passage which I think would interest those I not long ago had the

pleasure of meeting in the Parish House, while the beloved pastor was with us: "Carry to the Sunday School one little anemone gathered by the brookside. Bid the children mark the rich purple of its tiny stem, the exact symmetry in the seeming irregularity of its deep green leaves, the slender grace of the flower stalk, the delicate hue of the flower; and speak of it as the work of the Father in heaven: and you have made a much stronger appeal to their love of God than if you had read to them the holiest pages Fénelon ever wrote."

I have called your attention, as briefly as I could, to some of the words and works that follow our lamented friend and teacher as a memorial for us, now that he rests from these lower labors. But let us be mindful that we are his monument. He wrought in us; and it is for us to cherish and reproduce in word and action, our growing types of his influence and character. We must keep fresh our individual and family recollections; we must study his treatises, discourses and poems; we must bear in mind how he loved the solemn music and sacred services of this church; and so preserve and hand down the picture of his learned, wise and gracious ministry.

I have only one word more. It is to give you a short extract from a letter received last July while on a visit in Williamstown, Mass. It was from his sick-room in Waltham. Little thought we then that there was the chamber—"privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life—quite in the verge of heaven," and that those written words were to us who read them his last.

"I should much like to visit Williamstown again," he wrote. "I have delightful associations with the place and with the scenery of its neighborhood. But from these upper rooms here I daily enjoy exquisite landscapes and wonderful skies. I am tempted to alter Emerson and say—'give me *poor* health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.'"

From "those upper rooms" he passed out of our sight, even as we have seen the evening star disappear from the horizon in the beauty of the day's close.

ADDRESS OF REV. WILLIAM T. PHELAN.

To our short-sighted vision, this memorial service for our revered Dr. Hill seems forced upon us rather prematurely. We, as well as the people of this parish, would have chosen to retain him among us for years to come. But God's ways are not as our ways. We are thankful to-night that he was permitted to tarry with us even so long.

This city owes to the First Parish a debt of gratitude for installing President Hill as its Parish Minister. It will forever reflect honor upon our city, that this most eminent man of our country was one of its citizens during the last eighteen years of his life.

Nobody knew Dr. Hill but to respect and love him. While his mind appeared to be one vast store-house of knowledge; while his remarkable range of learning lifted him into intellectual latitudes far beyond the reach of common men, still he was not puffed up thereby. He possessed the rare faculty of adapting himself to the capacity of common mortals.

In heart and sympathy, he was a brother with us all. With all his immense range of knowledge, he was still a very modest, unpretentious man. No one came in contact with him but felt at once the winsome transparency and simplicity of his character. And so he drew people closely to him, the lowly as well as the wise, and made all feel at home in his presence. Even the little children loved him and called him their best friend. My position at Preble Chapel brought me more or less in contact with Dr. Hill through all the years of his ministry here;

and that fact has been one of the choice compensations of the Ministry at Large.

The more I knew of him, the more my respect and admiration deepened toward him, not only for his remarkable mental resources and acquirements, but equally for the admirable qualities and charming spirit of the man himself. He never talked with me in his home or by the wayside, that I was not instructed, inspired and in every way the better for it. I always found in him a responsive and helpful friend.

He was generous to a fault. He was a man of the most cheerful and vigorous faith in God and the Universe. He had no quarrel with the beautiful world in which he lived and found delight. Every avenue of knowledge led him direct to God, as the source and creator of all. All nature was to him the body, and God the soul, of beautiful order. And so he was a thoroughly happy man. He was alive and alert always and got the very best out of life.

Unlike so may learned men, he found life really worth living. His fine spirit and cheerful rational faith made him a good and helpful minister, settling instead of raising doubts and establishing the mind upon those grand realities that never have failed men. That spirit made him a tender consoler of the sorrowing and bereaved.

Since death has deprived us of such a rare treasure, we can most devoutly hope that the mantle of our obscured prophet may fall upon our young brother, who is to stand alone in the place he hoped to have shared for a time with him.

"Peace be with thee, O our brother,
In the Spirit-land,
Vainly look we for another
In thy place to stand.
Unto truth and virtue giving
All thy manly powers,
Be thy virtues with the living,
And thy spirit ours."

REV. HENRY BLANCHARD, D. D.

A salient and charming characteristic of our venerable and venerated friend was his simplicity. In the harmony of our praise which we, who are called upon to speak to-night, are making, some notes must be constantly touched. And you have already perceived that those who have preceded me have noticed and emphasized his simplicity. Whether we met him as he was walking across the campus at Harvard University, or accosted him in the streets of Portland; whether we were sitting in his parlor, talking with him concerning science or theology, or whether we sat in these pews listening to his thought-freighted sermons, all of us instantly and joyously perceived that he was a man without guile, straightforward, manly, simple.

The first time it was my privilege to meet Dr. Hill was at a minister's institute in the city of Springfield. I had already for years read and enjoyed the sermons to which our friend, Mr. Cummings, has referred. Dr. Bellows had called together the ministers of the Unitarian denomination in order that they might be addressed by their ablest men, and he consequently invited Dr. Hill, of this city, who gave one of the chief addresses. All of us who were present remember the great interest with which we listened, and our conviction that we had added largely to our information from the address he had given us. After the meeting, in the house of one of the parishioners, for the ministers were invited to be the guests of the parish, I met him for the first time, and I can see him now sitting in his chair in his simple way, and can hear him saying that a certain thought

which he had expressed in his address he had obtained from St. Paul. The vividness of the impression which it made upon me then, remains, and I rejoice in emphasizing with my brethren to-night this salient, this charming characteristic of the man.

In the second place, we all knew that he had the joy of the scholar in attaining, in retaining and in imparting knowledge. He was a man whose memory amazed us. It is to me one of the great witnesses of immortality that minds are able to retain these wonderful impressions. What scenes were photographed upon that brain; what starlight nights he had looked upon, what different aspects of the sea and mountains he had beheld; and all these were in his brain. We could have seen no pictures had we been permitted to look upon the tissues of the brain; but they were there. As I think, therefore, of this great mystery of memory, and how much he knew, one of the greatest witnesses of his immortality, to me, is to be found in this amplitude of the knowledge which he retained. But he had all the joy of attaining as well as retaining. I suppose no one ever met Dr. Hill without feeling that he was a youthful man. I remember my great surprise upon learning how old he was. It was my privilege to have him present at the church at the time of my installation, nearly ten years ago, and at different times I have since been permitted to talk with him in his own home, or on the street and elsewhere, and the impression was constantly upon my mind that he was a youthful man. The secret of it was that in his joy of gaining new knowledge his mind and his brain were always fresh, so that he was a youthful man continually. So that, when I one day looked in the biography to ascertain the day that he was born, I was surprised to find that he had lived so many years. I am sure, therefore, that you will all feel the truth of what I say, when I declare that it was this continuous joy of adding more and more to the stores of his knowledge that kept him so young and fresh. Then, also, he had the great joy of imparting his knowledge to others. Every speaker who has spoken of him, here and elsewhere, has mentioned this fact. He was ready to receive every-

body; he was ready to talk of matters and things that interested him; he was ready to answer all questions addressed to him, so that he did, indeed, become a minister of the knowledge which he had received, and his joy in doing this, also, it seems to me, added largely to the vigor of his life. The great lesson to us all is that no man need to grow old if only he will keep his mind open for the reception of new knowledge. And when we think of what there is in these days to learn, and how this power of attaining will refresh us all, may we remember the youth which was always with this man because of the joy of the scholar.

And as we look into his life again, we see that the deepest feeling in it was his consciousness of the divine presence. Undoubtedly others who have spoken to you at different times, in private places at least, and some who have spoken concerning him in other places, have mentioned his great allegiance to Jesus Christ. That, of course, was a very marked characteristic in him. And all of you of this church know well the profound reverence which he gave to the scriptures and what were the exactness and amplitude of his knowledge concerning them. And so, as young men have come to know more and more of the Scriptures, they have been able to rejoice in the words he has uttered concerning their greatness and their power of inspiration.

His allegiance to Jesus Christ was beautiful and inspiring; his knowledge and use of the Bible striking; but what I felt most as I talked with him, was his profound consciousness of the divine presence. The words of his beloved Master he could make his own, "And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." As I have sat in the pews below, either in the service when we met together on Fast Day, or upon an occasional visit at the vesper service, whenever Dr. Hill lifted up his voice in prayer, I felt, as the sound of his voice reached my ear, how indicative it was that he was conscious that he was talking with God. There are men who are deep in their religious natures, ample in their knowledge and really devout men, but

when we listen to their voices in prayer, often-times they do not impress us with the thought that they feel that they are talking with God. Whenever I listened to this good and great man in his petitions to the Almighty, something that toned the music of his voice reached my soul and made me feel that he was communing with his Heavenly Father.

It is very touching, that letter written in his sick room, to which Mr. Cummings has referred, wherein he said that he was looking from the upper chambers out upon the beautiful landscape and the beautiful sunset. As we have noticed him, in the night or day, in the streets of Portland, sometimes standing upon the Western Promenade, sometimes down in the Deering woods, and in other places, we knew that he was thinking of God. Every stone, every flower, every blade of grass, every tree, and every sunset color and the stars at night, were speaking to him of God.

And, last of all, we recognize the fact that he honored, that he magnified his position as a Christian teacher. He could repeat every word that the apostle uttered concerning the position which he filled as an ambassador of God, as a minister of Jesus Christ. All the speakers who have preceded me have narrated the fact that he turned away from opportunities in order that he might consecrate himself to this great work. There can be no doubt whatsoever that in various departments he would have been one of the foremost leaders of the world; but in turning aside from all these opportunities in order that he might be a minister of God, an ambassador of Christ, he did, indeed, magnify his office. He saw that whosoever speaketh for God in the name of God is a prophet of God. He saw the need there is that there should be a certain number of men who shall be set apart from the ordinary walks of life, in order that they may be the chief representatives of God, and, while he saw clearly that all men and women may be ambassadors of God and ministers of Jesus Christ, he saw also the great need there is that there should be a body of men prepared for and consecrated to the work of speaking for God and in the name

of God. He therefore made a distinction between the man and the office. He was never magnifying the man; he was always magnifying the office. He saw how great a thing it was to speak for God; he saw that the humblest man with the greatest limitations, with the smallest amount of knowledge with which he could be prepared to stand in the pulpit, might justly feel that he was an ambassador of God because of the earnest desire to speak with men in the name of God and for God's sake. While, therefore, he saw the great difference, and recognized how that some were humble and some were great, yet he saw that all these men were prophets of the Almighty. My soul is filled with awe as I remember that we are standing here to-night where he stood, where he spake on those themes upon which he was so glad to speak. Ever speaking of God, he magnified his office as a prophet of the Almighty.

Happy society, therefore, happy pastor, that have forevermore before their eyes the image of this simple, truth-seeking, truth-loving, righteous man—this noble servant of God.

ADDRESS OF REV. ASA DALTON, D. D.

Nearly two thousand years ago Virgil, in describing the gathering of a mob, ready, in its excitement and passion, to commit acts of violence, in a single line shows the power of the presence of a good man, who, with a countenance standing for piety and goodness, appears among them and their passions are hushed to silence. Never has the influence of such a character been more happily depicted, and seldom has there been a man in any community better answering to it, than our dear friend, Dr. Hill. As I spoke of him upon one occasion not long since, his appearance among us was not like that of a meteor, shooting across the sky and leaving us in greater darkness than before, but like the rising of the sun on a summer's day, calm and quiet in its beginning, advancing in power and influence, sending out its rays in every direction, imparting life through all the world, and finally setting calmly and sweetly in the western sky. Such was the type of our friend. He was with us a long while before many of our citizens appreciated how great and good a man we had among us. And, for my part, I can truly say that during the eighteen years of his ministry here, I was always desirous that our people might then, while he was living, while he was a living presence and a teacher among us, realize the advantages of his knowledge, and how much weight and influence should be attached to his words of wisdom and, above all, to the example of a godly life.

When Newton was praised for his wonderful discoveries and for his great attainments, then the wonder of the world, his

simple reply (for he was a man of the same type as our friend) was that, however he might seem to others, to himself he seemed like a little child playing with pebbles upon the sea-shore, while the whole ocean of truth lay undiscovered before him. This is precisely the feeling of every true scholar. Instead of being puffed up and comparing himself with others, or proclaiming his scholarship, like Socrates he seems to himself to know nothing. In comparison with what there is to be known, the greatest scholar the world has ever seen, has known but little, and the more knowledge he attains, the more he is impressed with the thought of what yet remains for him to learn. However, in comparison with others, Dr. Hill stood out as the foremost scholar in this city. While men of a certain type seek to undermine that faith, which he preached and which was so dear to him, none need doubt, if they remember that the greatest scholar that we have had among us for this generation, or that we shall be likely to have, did hold that faith without the least wavering. And yet he knew all that had been said against it, and all that could be said against it. But he knew also how much more had been said, and how much more could be said for it, and how absolutely necessary that faith was to the peace of the soul.

One of our public men who lived many years at Washington, and who was familiar with the public men of this country, once made this remark of Lincoln: "He is the only man I have ever known who showed not the slightest change on his elevation to high office. I never knew another man who did not show it in some degree, in some way, upon some occasion; but in Mr. Lincoln, after he became President, and was lodged in the White House and wielded such a tremendous power during the years of the rebellion, I never discovered the slightest change of manner, of spirit, or indication of being in an exalted situation." His humility was, indeed, remarkable; but it did not surpass that of our friend. In the city of Portland there lived not a more humble man. Humility was indeed a grand characteristic of this good man; and it followed him to the grave.

And as to his office here. You will pardon me, standing here, for a few words to bring before you some of his other characteristics. For example, once he said, "I account myself the happiest of men in this, that I am paid for doing what I like to do, what I prefer to do—to preach the gospel. I will do it gladly, pay or no pay; it is the very thing I must do; and then to think that people should pay me for doing what I want to do, and what I must do for my own happiness!" And how interested he was in all that pertained to your spiritual welfare. You remember his interest in the music of the choir which forms so important a part of our religious service. I will venture to say that there is not a single member of this congregation, who has been more interested in this particular, or who has done more to encourage your able organist and the choir, to which you have so often listened, and who have contributed so much to the elevation of your worship. He was a lover of music. No man of our time has written more beautiful religious hymns than our dear friend.

Those who have preceded me have eulogized him for his talent, for his acquirements, for his versatility, and for many other qualities, and as you have listened, knowing what they have said was indeed true, you perhaps have felt that if you had such endowments, you, too, would endeavor to live more as he lived. But, my dear friends, it has not pleased God to endow us as he was endowed in those respects. But there is one respect in which we might follow after him, and that is in his spirit of service, in his love for and devotion to the welfare of his fellow-men. He, himself, prized life chiefly not for its opportunities for study, great as they are; not for his attainments in learning, great as they were as compared with those of others; not for this knowledge of which so much has been said; but he saw here the opportunity for doing good to others, and his desire, above all things, was to serve them in the spirit of his Master; for he could say truly that he would not, and sought not, to be ministered unto, but to minister unto others.

And if I were to single out a particular feature of his ministry as one which will ever be remembered among you, it is this.

In eighteen years great changes pass over a congregation. In scarcely a family of this parish, have all its members survived those years. In all, or nearly all, the angel of death has entered; and often I have heard him allude to the regret he felt that, as he advanced in years, his health and strength did not permit him to visit the afflicted and the sick as he wished to do. But still, in the last hours of your dear ones, he was at their bedsides, his voice lifted in prayer in their behalf. And then, in the office of the last respect you could pay to them, when you and your friends have been assembled in your homes, how long — as long as you live, I am sure — you will remember the solemnity, the spirituality, the tenderness and love, the Christian faith and hope with which he bore you up to the mansions which Christ has prepared for us. You know how true it is, that if we pass by the house of a dear and departed friend, and especially when we enter the doors of his home and sit in the familiar room, it seems to us, if the door opens, that he must appear, and the house is full of his presence. So, my friends, you must feel in your homes that presence which often appeared among you. Still more, I doubt not, for weeks and months and years to come, as you enter this sanctuary, as you sit in these pews, as you look toward this pulpit, that venerable form, that calm countenance, so indicative of humility and spirituality, will rise up here before you, and again you will hear him give out the hymn, read the words of scripture and offer those devout supplications to Almighty God, carrying you, your wants, your distresses, your afflictions, your hopes, your fears, and, above all, your aspirations, before the throne of Him who answers prayer.

The bishops of the Eternal City, among other titles, claim this as the proudest, "A servant of the servants of God"! And I know of no man to whom this title is more appropriate than to our departed friend. He aimed to be, he delighted to be, a servant of the servants of God. A scholar and sage on earth, he is now a saint in heaven.

LETTERS

FROM

PORTLAND CLERGYMEN.

PORTLAND, December 4, 1891.

My dear Mr. Perkins:

I am very sorry that a previous engagement with the officers of the Hampton Normal Institute will keep me at High Street Church on Sunday evening next.

With thanks for your cordial invitation,

Heartily yours,

WM. H. FENN,

Pastor High Street (Cong.) Church.

PORTLAND, ME., December 4, 1891.

Dear Brother:

Did not our own services prevent, the people and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church would be present at the Memorial Service to testify to their appreciation of the loss sustained by the death of that learned and good man, Rev. Dr. Thomas Hill. Though never having seen him in person, I feel that I know him by his reputation, his hymns and the many testimonies of his friends in this city.

The present pastor and the people of the First Parish Church can be assured that we join them in their sorrow that God's good providence should have inflicted on them a loss so great—not only to them, but also to the city and to all who can appreciate the value of learning and a sanctified character.

Very truly yours,

W. COURTLAND ROBINSON,

Pastor of First Presbyterian Church.

PORTLAND, December 4, 1891.

Dear Sir:

Acknowledging the receipt of your courteous invitation to the Memorial Service to be held at the First Parish Church in honor of Rev. Dr. Hill, I beg to say, in behalf of the officers of State Street Congregational Church, that we are grateful for an opportunity to show our appreciation of his saintly life among us, and shall omit our usual evening service that day, so that all who can may attend.

Very respectfully yours,

RUFUS H. HINKLEY.

PORTLAND, December 4, 1891.

Dear Brother:—I am very sorry indeed that my engagements are such as to prevent me from complying with your invitation to be present at the memorial services in honor of the venerated pastor and beloved brother in the Lord, late pastor of the First Parish Church. We are all with you, heart and soul, in this expression of affectionate remembrance. God bless you therein.

Yours very truly,

L. SOUTHWORTH,

Pastor of the Bethel Church.

PORTLAND, ME., December 4, 1891.

Dear Brother:—Your cordial invitation to attend the memorial service of Dr. Hill is at hand.

I thank you most heartily. "I believe in the Communion of Saints." It would give me great pleasure if I could attend, but we cannot wisely omit our own Sunday evening services.

I wish the services could be held on some week day night.

Dr. Hill was truly a great and good man, and all true children of our Lord Jesus will honor him in his sainthood.

Fraternally yours,

JOHN F. CLYMER,

Pastor of Pine St. M. E. Church, Portland, Me.

PORTLAND, December 4, 1891.

Dear Sir :—Accept my thanks for your kind invitation to my church and myself to attend the memorial service to be held in your church next Sunday evening. We sympathize with you in the great loss you sustain in the death of Dr. Hill and will be present at the service in his memory. Yours sincerely,

G. I. KEIRN,

Pastor of Church of the Messiah.

PORTLAND, ME., December 5, 1891.

Dear Brother :—Your invitation was duly received and presented to our church last evening. It was unanimously voted that we close our church to attend your memorial service tomorrow evening. We gladly do this much to show our respect and esteem for one whom we remember as a dear friend and brother. Yours very truly,

E. P. WOODWARD,

Pastor of Second Advent Church.

PORTLAND, ME., December 5, 1891.

Dear Brother :—I regret exceedingly my inability to be present at the memorial service at the First Parish Church tomorrow evening, in honor of the late Dr. Thomas Hill.

It is eminently fitting that such a service should be held, and I thank you for your cordial invitation to be present.

Among the honored pastors of Portland whom I have known, no one has more powerfully impressed me with a sense of his personal greatness alike in learning and sanctity than has this universally loved and lamented pastor of the First Parish Church.

Be assured that in spirit and thought I shall be with you, though denied the privilege of bodily presence.

Very truly yours,

A. H. WRIGHT,

Pastor of St. Lawrence St. (Cong.) Church.

PORTLAND, December 5, 1891.

Dear Brother:—Thank you for the invitation to your service to-morrow evening. It seems a fitting thing that a memorial service should follow the death of such a man as Dr. Hill. We who have come to Portland so recently cannot fully realize how large a place Dr. Hill filled in the community. But the people whom I serve, like those whom you serve, know his worth. While we may not, on account of appointments already made, unite with you in your service arranged to honor his memory, we do unite with you in deep and sincere respect for so good a man and so faithful a servant of God.

Yours in Christian service,

B. L. WHITMAN,

Pastor of Free St. (Baptist) Church.

December 7, 1891.

DEAR MR. PERKINS:

I was very sorry not to be present at the services last evening; but was suffering from a severe bronchial affection, and did not dare to risk exposure to night air. I was with you in spirit. Very truly and sincerely yours,

WM. B. HAYDEN,

Swedenborgian.

At the service of communion January 3, 1892, the following expressions were adopted by the Church in the First Parish:

The Church in the First Parish, Portland, Maine, desires to place upon record some expression of their great loss in the death of their late pastor, Rev. Thomas Hill.

For eighteen years he gave his best strength to the pastorate of this society, preferring the labors of a Christian minister to more wide spread activity in other fields.

He brought to his ministry a scholarship profound and far-reaching; which included all branches of science, and was rarely excelled, even in the most learned circles of the world.

He displayed to his church and to the city of Portland a character, which was rich in the highest virtue, marked by simplicity and sweetness, influential in every good work and noble endeavor; and a spirit which placed reverence and piety and pure worship above all else in the religious life.

In his death the Church in the First Parish lament the loss of a loving and devoted friend and of a faithful and consecrated minister.

John Carroll Perkins,
Mark P. Emery,
Edward H. Daveis,
For the Church.

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Tributes to the memory of Rev. Thom
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